

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

They Dine at an Anarchist Restaurant in an Atmosphere of Real Bohemia

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The clatter of dishes mingled with the hum of voices, and the air was thick with smoke and garlic. The long tables were without cloths, and wooden benches took the place of chairs. Around the walls was a line of hooks, from which hung a motley array of wraps.



Mabel H. Urner.

From the doorway they scanned crowded tables for an empty place. "How about that other room? You wait here," and Warren strode through to what had been the back parlor of the once dignified old house. Although Helen had wanted to see what this much-talked-of anarchist restaurant was like, the stifling cigarette smoke and bare tables were not alluring. She was almost glad when Warren came back with a brief "full up."

But as they turned to leave somebody called out jovially, "Hold on there! Always room for two more!" Warren nodded his thanks as they took the end of a bench made vacant by the others sliding themselves and their dishes closer together.

Somebody shoved toward Warren a soiled menu mimeographed in purple ink. Glancing over his shoulder, Helen saw the items: "Bean soup, 10c; Small steak, 25c; Succotash, 5c," and promptly decided that the food was too cheap to be either good or clean.

"Seem to be shy on waiters," Warren tried to catch the eye of a man in shirt sleeves dashing kitchenward with an overloaded tray.

"Steve's the only food slinger here—but he's a wonder," a man opposite informed them sociably.

"How about a cocktail?" Warren asked their friend opposite. "Can you get anything to drink here?"

"If they know you. Take a chance—write it down anyway."

Steve now dashed up with a tray laden with bowls of thick, reddish-brown bean soup. Two of these he shoved across the table to Warren.

The soup had slopped over the nickel edge of the bowl in smeary brown streaks. With a feeling of revulsion Helen pushed it from her.

"What's the matter?" sharply. "Now no supercilious airs here!"

"But, Warren, I can't very well eat soup with a fork," for only a fork and a black-handled knife were at her place.

"The spoons are out there in the pantry—in a box to your right," was the helpful suggestion of a young woman next to Helen.

With the air of a habitue, Warren strode back to the green swinging door, beyond which several of the others had foraged.

The cocktails were dark and sweetish, and Helen drank hers with distaste, but it gave her courage to try the soup.

"If Steve don't bring all you order" (the man opposite reached for his hat and coat), "hustle out and help yourself. That's the rule here."

His place was soon taken by a dark, foreign-looking woman with gleaming black eyes and pallid skin. She seemed well known here, and was greeted with careless familiarity.

"One of my blue days," as she lit a cigarette with long, nervous hands. "How I loathe Sunday! If I'd had a good dose of cyanide, I'd have shuffled off today."

"Oh, we all feel like that at times," comforted the man with the Vandyke beard who sat next to her. "What got you hipped today?"

"I don't know," musingly, watching the circle of her cigarette smoke, "except this was the anniversary of my divorce."

"Wouldn't mind a little thing like that," said her neighbor cheerfully. Taking off her dusty black hat, she tossed it up on a hook. Her dark, cloudy hair was coiled in a careless knot low on her neck.

Helen watched her, fascinated. It was a glimpse into a different world. Who was this weird, dark-eyed woman? What did she do? In spite of her unhealthy pallor and her shabbiness, she was curiously attractive.

"Now that's what I call a fetching get-up," grinned Warren as a man came in with a slouch hat, baggy corduroy trousers, and sandaled feet.

"Sandals!" Helen stared at the tan straps over the black socks.

"We've struck the real thing this time," with a chuckle. "Wonder if that's a bomb," as another newcomer deposited a box on the mantel.

But it contained nothing more alarming than some announcements of a "Feminist Ball," which were distributed with jovial comments.

As several were now leaving, the man with the Vandyke beard rose and hospitably announced:

"A jamboree at Jimmie's tonight! Everybody come that can!"

"Oh, I don't think I'll go after all," murmured the dark-eyed woman.

"What're you going to do?"

"Go back to my room and mope," flicking the ashes from her cigarette.

"Don't be a fool," lighting his pipe. "Where're you living now?"

"Same place—380 Washington square. It's rotten—but the room's only four per. Man overhead walked the floor all last night."

"That was pleasant—You come on to Jimmie's! Have a drink first."

"No, thanks. I'm not drinking. So long. Tell Jimmie my mood's not hilarious enough for his party."

Taking a quarter from her hungry-looking purse, she laid it by her plate, reached for her hat and jacket, and hurried out.

380 Washington square—what kind of a place was it? wondered Helen. To what dingy, dreary room was this woman returning?

It was late now, and the crowd was gradually thinning. "Mollie" herself came out from the pantry, rolled down her sleeves, took off her apron, and sat at one of the tables to chat. She was tall and angular, with short, bushy hair, and an interesting face.

"Good crowd tonight, Mollie?"

"Fair. Forty-eight. If they'd only come earlier."

"No. I'll pay for my own dinner. I graft on cigarettes—but not on food," insisted a girl as a man went up to Mollie with two checks.

"I'll have to sign for mine tonight," announced the man with the sandals as Mollie drew from a deep pocket a bag of change.

"Wonder if I dare tip her?" muttered Warren.

But when Mollie handed him his change, it was with a friendly "Good-night" and an air that plainly implied "no tips."

Outside it was snowing—wet, stinging flakes. Helen shivered and held her muff to her face as they started down the ice-coated steps.

"Wasn't it interesting?" eagerly taking his arm: "But not at all what I expected. I always thought anarchists—"

"Oh, they're not the bomb-chucking kind," Warren paused to turn up his collar. "Just an impracticable bunch, trying to make over the world. Did you hear that chap spouting about the war and universal anarchy?"

"No, I was watching the woman opposite us. Wasn't she weird? Yet," musingly, "in a way she was fascinating, too. There's Washington square just ahead. Let's walk through and see what 380 is like."

"Some studio joint. Know what's the matter with her—don't you?"

"Why no," wonderingly; "what do you mean?"

"Dope."

"Oh!" with a shudder, tightening her hold on his arm.

They were on the south side of the square now, and through the swirling snow Helen tried to read the numbers over the dimly lit doorways.

384, 382, 380—the shabbiness of all that shabby row. The lower windows were dark, but there was a faint light on the third floor. The blind was up and Helen could see the dim, unshaded gas jet and a patch of wallpaper. It looked unutterably dreary.

Was that her room? Was she up there now, trying to fight off the craving for the drug that was wrecking her?

For a fleeting second Helen had a wild impulse to dash up to that room—to tell that woman that she wanted to help her. Then, as Warren impatiently drew her on, she lowered her face in her muff and hurried along the slippery pavement without looking back.

The whole evening had been for Helen an illuminating glimpse into the careless good-fellowship, the reckless improvidence, and the sordidness of Bohemianism. And now she pressed closer to Warren with a throb of thankfulness that it was a life of which neither of them was a part.

GIVES DOUBLE SERVICE

GOWN DESIGNED FOR AFTER-NOON OR EVENING WEAR.

Fine White Silk Net Employed in Making the Blouse—Tunic and Sash Give Unusual Features to Attractive Costume.

An interesting gown is shown in the accompanying cut, one of that variety designed for no particular occasion, but which, possibly, for that very reason, gives more than double the service of the other kind. It may be worn in the afternoon or evening, for formal or informal affairs, without ever looking out of place.

Fine white silk net is used for the full gulpe blouse, mounted over flesh-colored net, while for the skirt a lace-bordered net is joined to a hem of white taffeta by a band of lace insertion, upon which a zigzag line of pearl beads appears to lace the two edges together. The blouse is shirred around the top, and the neck finished with an upstanding frill some four or five inches high across the back, that gradually narrows until it is no more than a heading in front. The sleeves are long and of the bishop style, gathered in at the wrists under a double ruffle of the same material.

Over the blouse is worn a quaint little jacket vest of prune-colored satin or taffeta, made with a deep V neck that has a slight flare across the back, to give a partial effect of a collar—a much more becoming line than the straight line. The vest meets only across the bust, with each corner caught together by a snapper, from that point the lower edge describes a gradual sloping line to the sides, and in back it is cut off even with the waist line.

The tunic and sash are the unusual features in this design. The former is of prune-colored satin, brocaded in a large design in dull silver thread, and the latter is of white taffeta, arranged as a part of the dress and not



Handsome Frock of Satin and Net.

put on over it every time the dress is worn. The sash will need to be about four yards long, for after encircling the waist it is crossed in front, then carried around the hips to the back and tied in a bow with pendant ends. The tunic is applied to the lower edge of the sash across the sides and back with even gathers. Its length is equal to that of the skirt, and the space left between the open front edges measures about nine inches.

BELTS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

Variety of Styles and Materials Allows Wide Choice—Military Effect Most Popular.

A wide variety of belts suggests the military effect in soldier blue, sand, putty and black and white. Usually metal buckles further carry out the military idea.

A suede leather belt, two inches wide, has stitched edges and is ornamented with a double row of ball-shaped gilt military buttons. It is fitted with two pockets, which button with a single brass button. These belts come in various colors.

A new military belt in suspender

BLACK AND WHITE CHECKS



The skirt of this white checked beach creation is full and flaring and gathered at the waist. The waist with its high military collar is severe in its plainness. A very novel idea is carried out by pockets which, instead of being sewed into the dress, are attached to two strips of braid and sewed on underneath the belt. The entire dress is trimmed with white silk braid. A hat and parasol of the same material complete this striking dress.

style is made of sodat blue suede, trimmed with gilt military braid and gilt buttons. It fastens with a plain brass buckle.

Another belt is made of khaki-colored suede with stitched trimmings of black patent leather, finished with a brass buckle embossed with a flag.

A belt of light-brown suede is trimmed with narrow-stitched straps of black patent leather and finished with brass buttons. It fastens with a circular gilt buckle in military design.

A black and white kid belt in a checkerboard or block design comes in various patterns and different widths, one and one-half and two inches wide being the most popular. They are finished with nickel buckles.

A striking white kid belt, two and one-half inches wide, is decorated with narrow-stitched bands of black suede in two widths. Two stitched straps of the white kid, with covered buckle ends, form the fastening.

The girdles of the 1830 period are extremely quaint and dressy. They are in a wide variety of models, combinations and colors and in various widths. They have quaint, old-fashioned forms of decoration, including steel buckles, rhinestone ornaments, jet cabochons, military buttons, cameos, etc. An unusually dressy design is six inches wide and is made of battleship gray satin in a shirred and boned model. It is finished with shoulder straps in suspender style, these being made of narrow black velvet ribbon, edged with deep black lace three and one-half inches wide. The same lace is used to form a large rosette at the center top of the girdle, where it is caught by a jet cabochon.

POCKETS RETURN TO FAVOR

Women Will Welcome Change in Fashion That Has Marked Tendency to Increase Comfort.

Frivolous, in L'Art et la Mode, speaks of the fashion of pockets. "We are going to have pockets again," she writes, "which is a logical outcome of the return to short dresses that demand absolute freedom of movement and liberty, in view of the simple life we are adopting."

Pockets already existed, numerous and of all sizes, in our tailored coats, but this summer it is on our skirts themselves that, varied, embroidered or plain, little or big, we must have them. For the moment they are very apparent, marked by stitching or a little braid; generally they are rounded and placed very near the waist line.

"Others, more amusing, accompanying the robes of blue serge, are placed a little further back on each hip, like the flying pockets of the Brittany and Normandy fisher folk. It is a very good way to bring last year's skirts up to date, if they are too narrow."

To Make Smelling Salts.

To make smelling salts, procure an ounce of rock volatile and break it into small pieces. Put it into the bottle, and then cover with a eau-de-cologne. Let it stand a few days and it is ready for use.

Weds in a Plaster Suit.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Seraner came all the way to Saline county from Fayetteville, O., to become the bride of Francis de Sales Schneider, a young farmer near Saline, and even then came near losing out for a delay at least, but she was equal to the occasion and is now Schneider's bride, says a Saline (Kan.) dispatch to the Kansas City Journal.

The promised delay in the nuptial affairs of the young couple was caused by Schneider getting into a runaway accident and sustaining a broken leg, fractured ribs and bruises all over his body, and his sweetheart found him bound in plaster of paris casts so tight he could not move.

The situation was discussed, the young lady hooked up the favorite horse to a buggy and came to Saline, secured the marriage license, engaged the preacher and returned to the farm.

HAIR OR NO HAIR?

It is Certainly Up to You and Cuticura. Trial Free.

Hot shampoos with Cuticura Soap, followed by light dressings of Cuticura Ointment rubbed into the scalp skin tend to clear the scalp of dandruff, soothe itching and irritation and promote healthy hair-growing conditions. Nothing better, cleaner, purer. Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

And So It Is.

"What do you consider the greatest human paradox?" "A secret session of a woman's club."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Every woman's pride, beautiful, clear white clothes. Use Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

The homely girl's face is her chaperon.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with

ABSORBINE

also any Bunch or Swelling. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. \$2 per bottle delivered.

Book 3 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Cysts, Wens, Painful, Knotted Varicose Veins, Ulcers. \$1 and \$2 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Paxtine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed For Douches

In the local treatment of woman's ailments, such as leucorrhoea and inflammation, hot douches of Paxtine are very efficacious. No woman who has ever used medicated douches will fail to appreciate the clean and healthy condition Paxtine produces and the prompt relief from soreness and discomfort which follows its use. This is because Paxtine possesses superior cleansing, disinfecting and healing properties.

For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been relieved say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists. 50c. large box or by mail. Sample free. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Most clean, or nautical convenient. cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal; can't rot or rust; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers or express paid for 50c. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Terre Haute VETERINARY COLLEGE

AGENTS—The greatest proposition on earth selling MacDonald's Steering Pilot & Foot Accelerator for Ford Cars. Your Territory Open. Sell at \$2.50. Parcel Post \$1.50. Chas. Frost, Sales Mgr., 4454 N. Hermitage, Chicago.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D.C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best service.

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 32-1915.